

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VIII.]

RICHMOND, IND., MARCH 1, 1856.

[NO. 5.]

THE LILY.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT RICHMOND, IND.

Terms—Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or
Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE DIFFERENCE.

MAN.

If he wears a good coat,
Lift him up, lift him up,
Though he but a bloat,
Lift him up.
If he has not common sense,
And can boast a few pence,
Lift him up.
If his face shows no shame,
Lift him up, lift him up—
Though crime be his name,
Lift him up.
Though their disgrace be his sport,
Let your daughters him court—
Lift him up.
Though he brings some disgrace
Lift him up, lift him up,
And brings the blush to your face,
Lift him up.
Society him needs—
Never mind his black deeds—
Lift him up.

WOMAN.

If woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down,
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down;
Tho' her tears fall like rain,
And she ne'er smiles again,
Kick her down.
If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down, kick her down;
Redouble the smart—
Kick her down;
And if in low condition,
On, on to perdition,
Kick her down.

Did women feel the responsibility of the station she holds in society—did she feel how much she is the arbitress of man's destinies on earth, nay, even beyond it, how different would she act! Instead of dispensing her smiles equally on the worthy and unworthy, she would show by her discountenance of vice, how hateful it was to her; no matter how talented a man was, how graceful in his manners, or pleasing in person, unless virtue was the guiding star of his conduct, she should banish him from her presence as being unworthy of breathing the same air with her; she would shrink from his society as she would shun a noxious reptile.—Emerson.

For the Lily.

Mrs. Simkins tries to get Subscribers to The Lily.

Enter Dr. Boneset and lady.

Dr. B.—How do you do, Mrs. Simkins? I hope you are well to-day.

Mrs. S.—Why, yes, we are well, except I am a little fatigued; I have just finished a large washing; and I am glad you and Mrs. B. have called. I want to tell you about the Convention that has been held here—what good speeches we had on the cause of the emancipation of women, and I want Mrs. B. to take a little paper called the Lily, devoted to the interests of women.

Dr. B.—Well, what do they talk about at those Conventions? What do they want, any way—I can't see what rights they could have that would make their situation any better?

Mrs. S.—They demand their equal political rights—a better and more useful education, their sphere enlarged and better pay for their services than they now have. I have attended but few lectures yet; there is a good deal that is new to me, but perfectly reasonable and consistent. I have always thought from a child to the present time that women were treated unjustly by custom and law, too.

Dr. B.—Yes, I believe you have some ideas different to the majority of people. Well, Mrs. B. knows she has about as much influence in our business transactions as I have. I try to make everything comfortable for my family.

Mrs. B.—Yes, you do; but every other man may not do so.

Mrs. S.—That is true enough; and your own daughters may not be so fortunate as their mother. We are not to consider ourselves the only persons that this great change is to effect. I wish to have equal rights with man, whether we use them or not.

Dr. B.—It looks odd to see such a stay at home domestic sort of a person as you, advocating the cause. Mr. Simkins, what do you think about it—whether the women ought to vote—hold property, &c.

Mr. S.—I don't see any reason why a woman shouldn't vote as well as a man. According to our Declaration of Independence, she is greatly wronged, and I have thought whether or not she could be compelled to pay taxes according to our constitution. How the effect of their voting would operate, is uncertain. Most of them would vote according to their favorite preacher's dictation, and we could have the beauties of Church State. I don't hardly know what to think about a woman having a right to will away property from her family; a man would not like the idea of other people getting property that ought to go to his children. If women wish for their freedom, they must throw off their shackles, and not follow every silly fashion that is started up, and not drag a half yard of silk, satin, calico, or what not, at her heels, through mud, water, tobacco spit, &c.; likewise not tolerate every heartless libertine, as is the custom with man, and cast his victims to feed perdition.

Mrs. S.—How strange that a man owns the children, and thinks, perhaps, their mother might possibly leave her property to other persons, how

many cases where the mother dies, and the children get none of her hard earnings, but are cast upon the world. Perhaps men do not follow any foolish fashions; still we are open to conviction on many subjects—we know our own weakness, and are not strangers to man's failings.

Dr. B.—Simkins, we will have to give it up; the women will have to vote.

Mrs. B.—I will take the Lily—send for it when you send for yours; I should like to know a little more on the subject. Good bye.

Enter Mrs. Mayflower.

Mrs. S.—How do you do, Mrs. Mayflower?—Were you at the lecture the other night, when Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Rose spoke so earnestly in behalf of women? Everybody should have been there, and you in particular.

Mrs. M.—No, I was not there. Mr. Mayflower is opposed to anything like women speaking in public, and indeed I don't care much about it myself. I have as good a husband, and as many rights as I want. I have plenty of time to go out on the street, and as many new novels to read as I care about.

Mrs. S.—Well you and Mr. M. certainly stand in your own light, and do not appear to comprehend the object of the movement. Go to their lectures, read their papers, and the scales will certainly drop from your eyes.

Mrs. M.—Any how they say it is an infidel movement. You know I would not countenance anything of the sort for the world. I just to see what sport the papers have over their conventions! It is ridiculous!

Mrs. S.—It is surprising what stories can be trumped up, and what slang a silly editor will indulge in, and more surprising that women will repeat such stuff, and as you are so fortunate as to have all your wants supplied, and are perfectly happy, does it ever occur to you that there are hundreds, aye thousands that are not so lucky, or does self, darling self, entirely monopolize you.

Mrs. M.—Oh! yes, I often think there are few so fortunate; but it don't help things much, for a woman to tell of her husband's faults, if she does not suffer by them. I should keep dark if my husband did not do right. Women should be modest and retiring. Her greatest charm consists in her dependence.

Mrs. S.—Well, I read lately where a woman was advised to be a nobody, in order to get to be somebody. I read in one of our papers that your minister has come out in favor of Woman's Rights; if so, I am surprised that you don't follow suit.

Mrs. M.—That is a mistake. Miss Fidget that lives with his sister, said she heard him say so.—Dear me, the time I have spent in talking, and I have to go shopping, call at the milliners, dress makers, &c. Good bye.

Enter Mrs. Blandly.

Mrs. B.—What paper is that which you are so intently perusing?

Mrs. S.—O 'tis that paper I was telling you about yesterday; I wish you to subscribe for it. You have such a family of daughters, you are the very person that should take up this cause.

Mrs. B.—Why, yes, it does appear so, and the fact is, I am inclined that way; but a person scarcely knows what is best to do. You can act and

talk as you please in the case; your daughter is young yet. Now my case is different; it is high time my two oldest daughters were married; the other two are quite anxious to come out, but four daughters on the carpet at once, will never do.—What I wish you to understand is, that it is not policy in me to hold up for Woman's Rights while it is so unpopular amongst men, and unfashionable with women. Dr. Tinfoil told me yesterday, while fixing Anna Seraphine's teeth, that he advised any women with marriageable daughters, and young woman, old maid or widows, on no account to plead up for Woman's Rights, if they ever wished to get husbands, for, says he, strong minded women and bluestockings, (i. e. learned women) are perfect horrors to men, and knowing these things, would you advise me to come out now and spoil the prospects of my daughters.

Mrs. S.—Yes, madam, I would advise you above all other women, Dr. T. to the contrary, to take an active part in the cause, and those young men that are afraid of strong minded women, or inclined to be 'blues,' just drop them at once; would it not be better for your daughters to live old maids till as old as Methuselah, rather than risk their happiness in marrying an unworthy person? Better, far, to be sensible old maids, than miserable wives. It is a pity there is not some other trade for women besides the trade of marriage, as it is certain that all cannot marry well. But fashion says get married, if you are to be a martyr—better that martyrdom than to be an old maid.

Mrs. B.—You are right, no doubt, but the world differs with you, and we are compelled to be creatures of circumstance, whether we will or not.—Perhaps I will take that paper—I will think of it. Miss Nipper calls in.

Mrs. S.—Good morning, Miss Nipper; I am trying to get subscribers for the Lily. You understand the subject, I presume. I feel anxious to secure a good deal of patronage for the paper.—Shall I put you down for one?

Miss N.—No, you need not take that trouble; I shall not take a paper of that kind; I have all the rights I wish for, and so have most of women if they had sense enough to know it. I consider it a bad mark to hear women clamoring for rights they have not. I think the men ought to call out for more rights, and the women keep still, or have all their rights taken away. Our preacher gave them a real down-setting in his sermon, last Sabbath. I think those women that heard him, will not say any more on that subject.

Mrs. S.—Well, "abuse is not argument," and ministers are not always Christians. I shall not patronize your minister, certainly.

Miss N.—Well, indeed, he is quite a gentleman, he is so refined, and writes such pretty verses, and love songs, and all the leaders of the first class idolize him almost.

Mrs. S.—No doubt but he can write a better love song than any thing else; I am disposed to feel dubious about the Christian feeling of men who are so violent in their opposition to this movement. Why did you not go the lectures then you could have understood the object of the movement.

Mrs. N.—O, I did not care a straw about going. My friend, Mr. Flimsy Phantom, he went, and said he soon got enough; said he saw a tall woman give her baby to her husband in the ante-rooms, and say to him, "You keep this baby still till I go in and hear the lecture, and give me my revolver, too!" Mr. P. was so shocked he could not stay till the meeting was over.

Mrs. S.—No wonder, poor fellow; I should have thought the very idea would have caused him to faint outright. I wonder how he would have fared had he lived in the time of Annanias and Saphira? It is useless to multiply words if that is your source of information.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Meekly.

Mrs. S.—Well, Mrs. M., are you ready to take this paper I have been telling you about?

Mr. M.—Mrs. M. can do as she pleases, but I can't see where it will benefit her.

Mrs. S.—Her situation may not always be so favorable as it now is; we are all liable to misfortunes.

Mr. M.—Yes, that is true, and some changes in our laws and customs would no doubt be benefi-

cial; but there is one thing I am down on, and that is women voting, holding offices, &c.

Mrs. S.—Why are you?

Mr. M.—It is not woman's business.

Mrs. S.—What right has man to say to woman, this is your place, or that is not proper for you? It sounds odds in this Republican country. Why should your wife not vote?

Mr. M.—She has not time.

Mrs. S.—She has had time to-day.

Mrs. M.—It is not her place, and if she did, she would vote at I did; so what's the difference?

Mrs. S.—Well, Mrs. M., take the paper; perhaps the time may come when we need not ask a man whether it is proper for us to vote.

Mrs. M.—I will take it. How do you succeed in getting subscriptions?

Mrs. S.—I have not had much success yet; it is such a new thing for a woman to think for herself; but agitate the subject, and it will set many to thinking that have not thought before on that subject.

Mrs. SIMKINS.

For The Lily.

IS SOCIETY RIGHT?

Society, or more properly civil society, in an institution among the sons of men, in which every one, be his position what it may, feels a deep interest.

Every person of ordinary understanding, well knows, that upon the just and proper regulation of civil society, depends in a very great measure, all the joys and comforts of life.

No one can be so blind to the best interests of his fellow man, but what he has learned by the time he gets old enough to cast a vote, that without the organization and perpetuity of society, the entire population of the world would be a horde of savages.

But has society at all ages of the world been right? have there been no changes since its first organization? was it as just in its incipient stages as it is at the present time? and above all, is society right now? are the views of the vast population of the civilized world, now right, on the great and important subjects that are being discussed?

Have mankind progressed in the genius of civilization and the formation of society, so far, that there can be no further improvement? are all things pertaining to civil society, now as they ought to be? do all classes of society receive from the society what their merits entitle them to? and are the frowns of society visited upon those that should be made to writhe under the rebuke of an incensed people?

No, verily, many things are not right; society, in many respects, is wrong from the foundation all the way up.

Now let us look at some of its leading features and see how features or principles work, when applied to the different classes.

Are there different principles applied for the governing of persons holding the same positions in society? Are some censured for acts that others may do with impunity? are any tolerated in gross immoralities, while others doing the same things are doomed by the frown of society, to perpetual infamy? if so, then the principles thus applied are wrong.

For we hold that all who act alike well, are entitled to the same privileges, and of right should be protected to the same extent by the shield of the law.

Then let us look how far privileges are enjoyed, and how far the law protects the different individuals that form society in this our own land.

A word as to our position, we do not know whether we are a "Woman's Rights man," as they are called, or not; not knowing how far those go that hold that doctrine, nor is it necessary, for our present purpose, to know whether we are for "Woman's Rights," in its full sense, or not. But if it should turn out after we have declared our views, that we, from those sentiments, are ready in the ranks of those advocates, then so be it, we are but proud of our honest views.

Let us state here a few principle that were taught us by our mother, in the days of our first recollections, and we will say too, that they are principles which, even in our manhood, we love to

cherish; we cherish them for two reasons, first because they are right from the very nature of things, and secondly, because our mother taught us to love them. It was she who taught us to be governed by them, not only during our boyish days, but when the stern duties of manhood had to be performed, not to forget them, but let those great just principles, that lay at the very foundation of civil society, *equal rights to all*, be to us as a day star to guide us on our evil-beset way through life.

And we will now say that we have found them safe principles to act upon, and we fully believe that all the storms of life will not be able to stir those that abide by such principles, or to remove the foundation on which they rest.

And we will further say, in reference to a mother's teachings, that he who turns away from the lessons of virtue and truth, that were instilled into his youthful mind by her good power, will most assuredly, sooner or later, make ship-wreck of all his earthly joys and hopes. But to what we hold.

Then we believe that all the inhabitants of the earth are the children of a common parent, that we all descended from Adam, the first man, and that *all* have, by creation, and are entitled of right, to exact *equal rights* in all things.

We believe this principle will hold good, and that there is no exception to it as a rule, and we believe there would be no exception to it, nor could there be, if it was applied *now* to every living human being on the face of the earth. We cannot see how any other principle could be tolerated by reasonable intelligences.

Is it to be believed, and is it true, that a creator, acting upon the idea of exact justice, made moral agents and placed them in a probationary state, and require of *all equal* obedience, while to some He gave greater rights than he did to others; such an idea to us is worse than preposterous and we don't believe a word of it; we hold as a fact that *all in rights are equal*, women as well as men.

Then, supposing the doctrine of equal rights to all to be true, have the women of our land equal rights with the men? do they enjoy the same privileges in society? have they, according to the customs of society, an equal chance to exert an influence for good that have the men? or are they surrounded by arbitrary rules of society that prevent them from exerting that influence on all subjects that they would, were it not for the thing called custom? How is this? Are the women of our own land free to act so as to advance the doctrine or interests of human progression; are they unrestrained in every respect? we think not.

But on the contrary, we think that women are deprived of many of their rights, and society, yes the society of this age has surrounded and circumscribed women to a narrow sphere; in fact, so narrow that she is prevented from doing more than half the good that her inherent goodness would prompt her to do, if left free to enjoy her natural rights and privileges.

Now let us see wherein women are deprived of rights, and let us see what is the influence of this deprivation upon the well-being of the community, and let us see wherein society is wrong.

Then to proceed. Marriage is acknowledged on all hands, to be a civil contract, so far as society is concerned, and that it is entered into by and with the consent of both the parties engaging in it.—And in making the contract (if both the parties are of proper age,) one has just as much authority as the other.

This will not be denied. Then should it not follow as of course, that after marriage that both husband and wife should have the same rights and enjoy the same privileges in the community? We think it does, and we think that society should be so modified from what it is at present that they could, and the laws should be so revised that a woman could have equal rights with her husband.

We admit, that to some extent, after marriage a woman retains her personality, but it is to a very limited extent; while the husband is almost as free as before marriage.

Now why this difference? why should such be the case with two whose object, aim and end in life is the same? why should they not be equal? is

there any good reason why they should not? We can see none, on the contrary, there are many evils that grow out of the idea or fact, that women, during the coverture, is to a great extent under the control of the husband.

During marriage the husband is allowed, and is recognized in law, as the proper person to trade, and that too in his own name; while the wife in her name can do no act whatever, nor can she trade in her "lord's" name, further than to buy any thing that her husband's credit is good for, and have it charged to him. There is no act that she can do, so far is her personality gone, but must be done in the name of the husband. No right to trade, altho' it may be that all the property before marriage was her's; but so potent were the words used by the Divine or Esquire, "that made them man and wife," that the very use of them, when sustained by the strong arm of the law, to all intents and purposes disposed of her of her property, and reduced her to a mere appendage belonging to the establishment of a lord called man.

But how is it with the husband? He can trade, do all kinds of acts, sell all that they both have, and that too, without the consent or even the advice of the wife; and this is true without a single exception, when applied to personal property, but as to real property, we are glad to say that the law has given the wife a LITTLE say, though it is very small indeed.

During the time of marriage, every one must see that the husband enjoys many rights as to business, that the wife does not, and when we speak of political rights, we all know that men arrogate to themselves all manner of rights imaginable.

What good reason can be given in support of the fact, that men during the marriage relation should have and enjoy more or greater rights than the wife? They are partners for life, in a relation more close than any other, and we have yet to hear the first good reason assigned to prove that man should be allowed privileges during that relation, that are interdicted to the wife.

And we have no doubt but what, if women, by the law and rules of society, were permitted to enjoy her proper rights and privileges that the effect on society would be, that men would be much raised in moral worth; while women's intellect would be more highly cultivated, and her usefulness in society greatly facilitated. But again,—

There is great dissimilarity in the rights that follow and attach to the survivor, at the close of the marriage relation. At the death of the wife, the husband is the owner of all the property acquired during coverture, is guardian of his children, and can do with the estate, real and personal, as he pleases; can manage his children as he pleases, no administration takes place, there is no great noise, but all goes on as smoothly as if nothing had happened, no one disputes his right to dispose of all the property and leave his children at his death without a farthing. So be it, we have no objection to this, if the same rule is applied to the wife when she survives the husband; and we have no doubt if such was the rule it would be much better than the present manner, and we would have no fear for the welfare of children, for as a rule mothers love their children better than fathers do.

But how is it when the husband dies first? Ah different as noon-day from midnight. There is a great noise in the land when a man dies as tho' something of importance had happened, and there must be an administration on his estate, and there's a great clamor about wills, if he made one, to know what his intentions were about his property, and also, who shall take care of his children and be their guardian, to take care of their property that he left them, and much more to the same effect is said upon the demise of a man. How different from what it is when a woman dies, she leaves no children for the law to take care of, nor does she leave any estate for lawyers to quarrel over.

But further, at the death of a man, you will hear the learned in the land talking very knowingly about the construction of wills, and about the intentions of the testator, and how sacredly his intentions ought to be carried out; for say they, "he who acquires ought to be allowed to dispose of what he acquired," never once thinking that perhaps the wife helped materially to acquire that very property they are so anxious shall go just as

the testator intended; and from any talk that you hear, after a man dies, so far as woman and her rights in the property that she helped to make is concerned, you would not know that there was one in existence. What a great contrast, a surviving wife is a very small thing in law, while a surviving husband is the greatest of all known beings.

The wife, at the death of the husband, in most of the States, gets a life estate in one third of the property, that she helped to make all of, and has no power to sell the very property, for the acquisition of which she has spent her best energies.

And to cap the climax, the mother, yes the mother of the deceased's children has in pursuance of law, that was made by the "stronge-vessel," to go before a court of the country to be appointed guardian of her own children. Oh! what beautiful conceptions of justice and magnanimity floats through the brain of those same persons called men, what a genius for thought and profundity of knowledge, a man must be who conceives the idea of requiring a mother to give security that she will use her own children well. Man has truly done and is doing much to keep women in their servile position.

Not satisfied to make a law declairing that husbands, after the death of their wives shall have all the property, and reign and revel like a lord, and be permitted, if they think proper, to squander all and leave nothing for their children. Not satisfied to deprive the wife of the property to which she has an unquestionable right; deprive wives of the power to sell their property, but in great magnanimity say, that after the death of their lords, shall have an interest in their property during their natural life. Oh magnificent of all created things, by the powers of elective affinity, you most assuredly will ascend to the seventh heaven; not satisfied by passing laws that leaves their surviving wives mere nothing, but they add insult to injury by requiring these same wives to give bond that they will not squander the property of their children.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

For The Lily.

DEAR SISTER MARY—As lengthy apologies are tiresome, I will just say that the intensely cold weather, and the want of health have prevented me from sending on as many names for the Lily as I believe may yet be obtained, though some complaint has been made of its few and far-between visits. Please send the back numbers if you have them.

I lately listened to a very eloquent, interesting and edifying discourse from the pulpit, on the progress of religion, during the different ages of the world. The superiority of christianity, its adaptation to the more exalted developments of mind, &c., till my good opinion of the speaker, and my growing interest had reached an elevation far above sublunary things, when suddenly there came a fell swoop against the woman's rights movement.—"In case of success, woman would be borne back to the dark estate of heathenism—become the servile slave again, &c." I believed then, as now, that he spoke in antagonism to his own good sense, but the Conference, I suppose, recommended it. A knocking at my heart said, "mistaken man, not if christian preachers will do their duty, 'break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.'"

On returning home, I could neither eat nor talk—(though we had friends to dinner)—till I penned a few lines suggestive of the "unkind cut," which I handed to him in the altar, before the afternoon service commenced.

I told him that we "fear not" that he who made the heavens and the earth, and all that is therein, and last of man and woman, and said, "let them have dominion," &c. He is on our side, and we fear not, for we are all one in Him, and that his law must prevail, for it is the word, and when the civil code, which now deprives woman of her own property, her own child, and her own person shall be blotted out or devoured by the flames that liberty has kindled by the way side of the onward march toward the emancipation of the oppressed and down-trodden. Then, and not till then, could the "rib," as he termed us, stand upright, and will be the help-meet to man that her Creator intended in the first morning of creation.

I besought him to go on in the blessed work of

redemption, and be not "ashamed of the gospel of Christ unto salvation to all men," for wherever the blessed gospel light shines the brightest, there is woman the freest—(but I presume that he knew that before.) I told him that we all had a work to do, and that by being faithful in the discharge of duties manifested by the light given us, we might accomplish much.

I did not recover from the shock for several days, but at length I bore my burden to the great Heart of hearts, and found sympathy.

He has since made us a visit; very intelligent, amiable and sympathetic in his nature, has the well being of his fellows at heart, and capable of doing a vast amount of good—is doing it.

It is easily perceived that he keeps pace with the developments of the age—spoke well of the Lily—said he had opened his church doors to a very interesting and intelligent lady, (whose name I cannot recall, though it has been in the Lily, then a resident of Ohio, now of this State—to lecture on woman's rights—said he was a woman's rights man, as also were many others who do not take an active part in the cause. "But ah! the infidels that are in the field, the 'socialists' that were not working under the banner of the gospel: said he had been keeping a hawk's eye upon them.

Query: Why let the go on, if their way is to bring woman back to the heathen life again? Why not come out in public, under the banner of Christ, whose precepts declare that we are all one? Why not gird on the christian armor, and make the crusade against the enemy of justice, with the bible in hand, and the sword of truth in the mouth, and go forth "conquering and to conquer," till the Palestine is won. Why make war upon the cause instead of the workers? If liberty is a God-given principle, and we are all one in his Son, why not the clergy go forth and proclaim it throughout all the land, as far as gospel light can reach. A word to the wise is sufficient. Let the Lily preserve its christian tone, and all may yet go well.

E. K. B.

"Tempt Not."

The following is a statement made lately in a lecture on the "Drinking Usages of Society," by Rt. Rev. Dr. Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania:—

"A young man, of no ordinary promise, unhappily contracted habits of intemperance. His excess spread anguish and shame through a large and most respectable circle. The earnest and kind remonstrances of his friends, however, at length led him to desist; and, feeling that for him to drink was to die, he came to a solemn resolution, that he would abstain entirely for the rest of his days. Not long after, he was invited to dine, with other young persons, at the house of a friend.—Friend! did I say? pardon me: He could hardly be a friend who would deliberately place on the table before one lately so lost, now so marvelously redeemed, the treacherous instrument of his downfall. But so it was. The wine was in their feasts. He withstood the fascination, however, until a young lady, whom he desired to please, challenged him to drink. He refused. With banter and ridicule she soon cheated him out of all his noble purposes, and her challenge was accepted. He no sooner drank than he felt the demon was still alive, and that from temporary sleep he was now waking with tenfold strength.

"Now," said he to a friend who sat next to him, "now I have tasted again, and I drink till I die."

The awful pledge was kept. Not ten days had passed before that ill-fated youth fell under the horrors of delirium tremens, and was borne to a grave of shame and dark despair. Who would envy the emotions with which that young lady, if not wholly dead to duty and to pity, retraced her part in a scene of gaiety, which smiled only to betray?"

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MARCH 1, 1856.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Narcissa Kern; Mary E Pease; E B Windle; Ellen Stewart; Lucretia M Pennington; J C Downs; Mrs Amanda R Cox; D M Baldwin; S Clarkson; Hannah H Estep; R Estep; C M Palen; E H S Nye; Sarah E Allen; L M Bedell; Harriet Clark; Lucia Quick; Wm E Lukens; L E Bristol; Sarah M Marine; Eliza Shaw; Nancy Trego; Sarah Emily Lewis; Mary Clark; Adaline T Swift; R A Sanders; Ellen P Eastman.

REQUESTS.

Will Amey H. Lackey, (Little Genessee, N. Y.) be a friend to the Lily in her neighborhood, and send us some names as readers?

SARAH L. CROSS.—We shall be pleased to hear of your doings in the far North-West.

E. J. WILSON, Marshalton, Pa.—We are at a serious stand about those papers not arriving, for surely they were forwarded.

Women Voting in Nebraska—A Triumph, almost.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Feb. 8th, 1856.

MRS. EDITOR:—I am reminded by the Lily for Jan. 1st, which has just come to hand, that months have elapsed since I penned my last letter for its columns. To me these months have passed swiftly and pleasantly by, notwithstanding the severe cold weather we have experienced here, in common with other sections of the country.

Though my labors in the cause of woman have been less than for many years, yet I have not been wholly idle, nor my efforts, as I trust, altogether fruitless. To give your readers an idea of the progress we are making here in this garden of the great west. I will give an account of my public labors thus far this winter. My first lecture in this city was given on Thanksgiving evening, in the Congregational Church, on the subject of Temperance. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and the "hop" at the "Pacific House," we had a full attendance, and much interest was manifested. A week or two later I lectured before the Literary Association, at the Methodist Church; subject, "*Woman's right of franchise*." The house was densely crowded, and judging from the interest manifested, and the expressions uttered after the lecture, had the people there assembled had the power of deciding the question, we should have had our rights guaranteed us at once. I find there is quite a strong feeling among women here in favor of our cause, though they are silent on the subject unless there is something to call out an expression of opinion.

On the 8th of Jan. I lectured, by invitation, before the Legislature of Nebraska, then in session at Omaha. The Hall of the House of Representatives, in which I spoke, was densely packed, not a standing spot being left vacant. I could see, as I proceeded with my arguments, that they were telling upon my listeners; and at the close, many members expressed themselves warmly in favor of the cause for which I had been pleading. But I was hardly prepared for the glorious result which followed—a result which almost proved a triumph. Near the close of the session—a session of only forty days—a Bill giving woman a right to vote, came up by a special order of the House. Gen

Wm. Larimer, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa., spoke ably and eloquently in favor of the Bill. He is a true Woman's Rights man, and for his efforts in their behalf is entitled to the thanks and the gratitude of the whole sex. On the vote being taken on the Bill, it stood, Yeas—14; Yeas—11. So, to their honor be it spoken, the House of Representatives of Nebraska gave a decision in favor of granting to women equal, civil and political rights with man!

The Bill was then sent to the Council, where it was twice read, and then referred to the committee on elections; but owing to a want of time it was not again presented. I am assured by members of both the House and the Council, that it would undoubtedly have passed the Council had there been longer time. The session was near its close, and much business was yet to be done, but some men spent much time in talking, so as to prevent the locating of certain county seats, etc., to which they were opposed, and the time for a final adjournment came without further action being taken on the franchise question, and leaving much other business unfinished.

Whether or not the Bill would finally have passed the Council, the fact that it *did* pass the House, that it received a second reading in the Council, and that a goodly number of the latter body were known to be in favor of it, is a matter for much rejoicing and congratulation among the advocates of equal rights; and I feel proud and thankful that I have been the humble instrument in awakening such an interest, and causing the legislative body—composed in part at least, of men of sound judgment, much experience and a goodly show of wisdom.

That the young State of Nebraska will be enrolled into the Union with a Constitution granting equal rights to all her people, is not a very improbable thing, if her future legislative bodies shall possess the liberality, and candor, and independence which marked the majority of those who composed the legislature the present winter.

More recently I have given a second lecture before the Library Association of this city, on Woman's Education. And this will probably be the last of my lecturing this winter. The field for such labor is not very extensive here. The country is sparsely settled, and the facilities for travelling tedious—especially at this season of the year; and besides I do not wish to engage in the business very extensively, as neither my health nor home duties will admit of it. I have just received an invitation to lecture on Woman's Rights before the "Sidney Library Association," at Sidney, in this State, some forty or fifty miles South of this city. I have also a standing invitation to lecture at Nebraska City; but both must be postponed till the weather is more mild. A stage ride of that distance, on wheels, is not very inviting, with the mercury at twenty-five degrees below zero. Even my ardor in the cause of woman, chills at the thought of it. I shall hope, however, to visit both places at some future day, and give them the light they seek.

I am just now engaged with other ladies in preparation for a Fair and Supper, which is to come off on the 14th inst., for the benefit of the Congregational house of Worship. We expect the occasion to be a pleasant and profitable one.

Improvements are going forward in our city, both morally and materially. Property is increas-

ing in value, and several important sales have recently been made which have created considerable excitement. The Mississippi & Missouri Rail Road is completed to Iowa City, and will be rapidly pushed forward to Council Bluffs. We are looking for a large immigration next spring, and the only fear is that there will not be shelter for all who come. There is plenty of room, however, and tents can easily be pitched by those who cannot find houses.

The weather has been intensely cold since December, but is now more mild. Such a winter has not been known here for a great many years.—People seem to bear it very well, and are, generally, healthy and free from severe colds. We have just snow enough to make sleighing, but not enough to block up the roads or make bad walking. The sun shines bright almost every day, but makes no impression upon the snow.

Yours Truly,

AMELIA BLOOMER.

For The Lily.

Human Rights.

For the benefit of some of your readers, I will notice a few objections to women being on an equality with men, in regard to property.

Objection 1st. "Woman is a dependent being—man is her lord and master."

2d. "As his intellect is superior to hers, he is better qualified to manage her business affairs."

3d. "As it is necessary for him to provide for her, it is necessary that he should have the means to do it with—that the law should give him a right to use her property if needed."

4th. "If she is a laboring woman, she has enough to do to attend to the family concerns: such as attending to the children, rocking the cradle, washing, ironing, mending, cooking, scrubbing, &c."

5th. "If she is an accomplished lady, she does not want to trouble her head about such things.—It is enough for her to give orders to the servants, arrange her toilets in the parlor, play on the Piano, take music lessons, make fashionable calls, &c. Anything farther would be masculine, and disgusting; besides, she has not half time enough to read her novels."

I do not see any sense in all this blowing about woman's rights, when they have already more rights than the men. On the whole, I think the laws are right enough as they are."

This is a small part of what we hear almost every day, and in almost every circle of society; by many too, of our own sex."

Oh! why will woman thus contend against her own interests? It has been truly said, that "woman is not woman's friend."

REPLY TO OBJECTIONS.

1st. That "woman is a dependent being," I will not attempt to deny. Is not man also dependent upon woman for many of the necessities of life?—I leave it for him whose home is made cheerful by her smiles—whose wants are supplied by her industry—whose wealth is sometimes acquired, always increased by her art and economy—whose passionate nature is subdued by her mild and peaceful life—whose wayward disposition is guided by her counsel and advice—whose immoral habits are restrained by her virtue, love, and truth—whose views of justice and humanity are influenced by her moral inborn principles of right—and without whom, this life with all its gayeties and its charms, would be a burden,—yes, I leave it for him to answer.

I positively *deny* that any human being is perfectly independent. All mankind are dependent to a certain extent, upon each other, for all that they possess or enjoy.

If "man is her lord and master," I ask in the name of reason, justice and humanity; if it is *right* that he should be? If so, where is your authority? It is an aristocratic assumption, based upon tyrannical custom.

2d. Our opponents assert that "man's intellect is superior to woman's," without pretending to give a reason why; only, that "they are naturally

so." Perhaps, like Deacon Homespun, they "know it is so, and that is reason enough."

What is intellect?

It is the human mind, capable of thinking, understanding, and reasoning. Does an infant possess these abilities? Certainly not. Then how is it to be acquired? A certain poet has said: "Tis education forms the common mind."

Thus we see that even *man* enters the world devoid of intellect. He knows nothing of science, either intellectual, moral, political, or religious; only what is acquired by education after he has arrived to years of understanding; then the degree of superiority depends upon the amount of mental culture that each receives.

Those who have the charge and instruction of youth, have a better opportunity of studying human nature, than any other class of persons: and I appeal to the majority of such, if girls under about fourteen years of age, are not as quick of perception, and possess the ability of acquiring an education, equal to boys? What little experience I have had in school-teaching. I have found this invariably to be the case.

After this, girls are gradually confined to domestic duties; and their cares and restraints increase as they progress in life: besides the common theory that "it is not so much matter if girls do not receive any thing more than a common education; while it is necessary for young men to be competent for all the business transactions of life."

With this mistaken theory, nearly all of the young men pass a Collegiate course; while the female minds remain dormant and inactive. The men, too, have leisure to study evenings, which comprises nearly one third of the time.

"Man's work is from Sun to Sun,
But woman's work is never done."

She may toil from morn till night, and then her work is not half completed. She must still toil on, until the clock strikes the hour for retiring; when, weary and careworn, she seeks repose. And when the lark sounds his clarion notes of day, she rises to resume her labors. Thus, day after day, year after year, she labors for the benefit of others, and finds no time for the improvement of her mind.

Therefore, it is no wonder that her intellect should be blighted. Taking all things into consideration, it would be almost a miracle if her mental faculties should be fully developed. Some people are so short sighted, that they compare results, without examining the reasons.

Oh! man, whosoever thou art, give unto woman the same privileges, inducements, and motives with yourself; ere you assert that your "intellect is naturally superior to hers."

A. M. SMITH.

TO BE CONTINUED.

P. S.—In an article that I wrote in the 1st No., the word *College* was intended for *Colleague*.—Probably it was a mistake in printing.
Spencer, Ohio.

For The Lily.

WOMEN, CHILDREN AND FOOLS. Humanity vs. Law.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL: I notice that the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, who signs himself "Junius, Jr., in speaking of the cowardly threat of the South in regard to the election of Mr. Banks as Speaker, says: "It cannot have any effect upon any persons of nerve; it might perhaps scare women and children and fools, but not MEN."

Now I protest against this long established classification. It is, to say the least of it, a poor compliment to those Anti-Slavery women who have so long and zealously and hopefully labored in the cause, despite all opposition. A poor compliment to the wives and daughters of the Kansas settlers who have remained firm and heroic, amid the dangers to which they have been exposed from Border Ruffianism. A poor compliment to the ladies of Lawrence, who were ready organized in a band with weapons and acquired skill to go forth and do battle for freedom, and, if necessary to fall beside their fathers and brothers in defence of their most sacred rights—rights of which they themselves have ever been denied, and a poor compliment to our mothers of the Revolution. I

must say that it comes with a bad grace from a supporter of the only Republican party in the Nation. What man should not blush to class his wife or mother with fools?

A short time since a scene transpired in the village of W—, a few miles distant from my residence, which served to awaken the people to a sense of the injustice of the law, in giving the husband the sole control of the property of his wife as well as the custody of her person. The circumstances were as follows: One evening a brute in human form arrived in the place, and took lodgings in a public house. By frequent calls at a sort of underground grog-shop, he became by noon the next day in fit state to execute the design of his errand. At this time a woman driving a horse attached to a sleigh, in which was herself and three children, reached the town and stopped to feed the animal. But no sooner had they alighted from the sleigh than this specimen of genus homo (who proved to be the legal owner of the whole) came swaggering up, and unloosing the horse, swore that they had stolen it, and he would take possession, and leave them in the street.

The cries and remonstrances of the woman drew about them a company of citizens, who prevented the further executions of his designs until she could tell her story. From her account, which was corroborated by the testimony of her children, they had come from the western border of the State, and were on their way to the home of their friends, about 20 miles distant from W—. She stated that they had been living on property which she owned before marriage, and that she had endured his abuse until it had become too intolerable to be borne; and not having any other means of reaching her friends, had taken the advantage of his absence, and this method to remove herself and children from his power. He had probably returned, and finding the direction they had taken, had taken the cars for the purpose of intercepting them at W—.

Mr. H. a young merchant of the place, a very intelligent and humane man, (and by the way, an advocate of Woman's Rights,) addressed the brutalized husband in an eloquent and affecting appeal to his better feelings—to his honor as a husband and a father, but of no avail. He swore that he was the master of his own property, and would do as he pleased with it, but finally said, if the children wanted to go on, he would take them, but the mother might remain in the street.

At this announcement, the children screamed and clung to their mother. The by-standers asked if he would furnish money to carry them to their destination. He swore he would not. Finding he could not be moved by reason, and knowing of no law to compel him to justice, the true-hearted men of W— concluded to exercise the rights of humanity in behalf of the unfortunate woman and her children, and quietly waited upon the man to a lodging where they kept him in custody until his victims had full time to get beyond his reach.

Yours, truly,

META MILWOOD.

Extract from the New York Tribune Council Bluffs Correspondence.

At an early day, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, formerly of your State, and somewhat known as an advocate of Woman's Rights, addressed the Iowa Legislature, by request, upon the subject of extending the elective franchise to women. Her address was received with so much favor, that a bill was introduced giving women, or in other words, all white persons, (instead of "white male persons," which is the usual phraseology,) a right to vote. The bill passed through the hands of a committee, and was reported upon favorably to the House.—On the 24th, it was taken up for consideration, and after an animated debate passed by a vote of fourteen to eleven. It was then sent to the Council, where it was read and referred to the Committee on Elections, but failed for want of time to be finally acted upon. It is said that this Council contained a majority in its favor, and could it have been brought to a vote, would have passed that body also. This is probably the nearest approach to a realization of the principles of our Women's Rights advocates, that has ever occurred.

Take a Drink Boys.

"Let's go out and take a drink, boys," said a well dressed young man as the cars stopped at the Waukegan station. And so the boys did, re-entering the cars with their language and persons marked by bar-room order.

Take a drink! The young men were well dressed fools. They have taken a step which will bring a fearful retribution. Years hence a thousand woes will blossom in the fatal foot-prints now made in young life. They see not the grinning dead around them. A false light gilds the deadly miasma which dogs their footsteps. They see not the smoking altar towards which they are tending. A host of shadowy phantoms of vice and crime are flitting on before. Red-handed murder laughs at their folly, and death is in waiting at the fresh opened grave. There are tears to shed by those who at this hour dream not of the sorrow which these false steps shall bring upon them.

Take a drink! All the uncounted hosts of drunkards whose graves in every land mark the pathway of intemperance, took a drink. They took drinks and died. The drunkards of to-day, are taking drinks. Three out of four of the murderers of 1855, took a drink. Their steps were towards the dramshop, and then from the scaffold out upon the fearless waste which lies beyond.—The palsied wretches which totter in our streets, all took drinks. Families are beggared by single drinks. Hell is peopled by them.

We involuntarily shudder when we see young men crowding the deeply beaten path to the dram shop. They are all confident of their own strength. With the glass in hand where coils the deadly adder, they, ha, ha, about the fools who drink themselves to death! They boldly leap into the tide where stronger arms have failed to beat back the sullen flow. They dance and shout in the midst of the grinning and ghastly dead, and riot upon reeking fumes of the grave's foul breath. They boast of their strength! And yet they are but the reed in the storm. They wither like grass under the sirocco breath of the plague they nourish. A brief time and they are friendless, homeless, and degraded drunkards. Another day, and the story of their lives is told by a rude, stoneless grave in Potter's Field.

Don't take a drink! Shun the Dead-Sea fruits which bloom on the shore where millions have died. The bubbles which float upon the beaker's brim, hide the adder's fang. The history of ages points sadly to the maddened hosts who have offered themselves soul and body to the demon of the cup. The bondage of iron galls but the limbs. That of the dram fetters the soul.—*Cayuga Chief.*

HOUSEHOLD "GOOD NIGHT."—"Good Night!" A loud clear voice from the stairs said that it was Tommy's. "Good night!" murmurs a little something we call Jenny, that fills a large place in the centre of one or two pretty large hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was christened Willie about six years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I w-a-k-e."

and a small bundle in the trundle-bed has dropped off to sleep, but the broken prayer may go up sooner than many long petitions that set out a great while before it.

And so it was "good night" all around the homestead; and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now, as we think of it, for it was not yesterday, nor the day before, but a long time ago—so long, that Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and has forgotten that he ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us can never wear but once, if we try—the first pair of boots.

And so it was good night all around the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little ajar for them—through into the land of dreams.

LELIA:

A Story of Woman's Rights.

BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER II.

Lelia buried her husband; and as weeks rolled away, she found that some purposes must be formed for the future. Heretofore, her days were but pleasant dreams on the smooth current of life; she must now prepare to meet its realities. Her friends counselled her to return to the city, where her cousins resided, the nearest relatives she had living.—Mr. Dawson had two brothers living, but they were far distant.

"I will not dispose of this property," she said; "it is the dearest spot on earth to me.—Here is the work of the hands of my dear lost Willie! No, I will live and die here in the sweet shade of this our vine-covered home.—Here I can visit my husband's grave—here I can foster, with tender care, the fruits and flowers which he has planted. No, I'll never leave it! Even now I fancy the sweet influence of the spirit breathings of the dear departed, imparts buoyancy and strength to my wearied soul; and oft beneath the arbor where we have passed so many happy hours together, I seem to feel his hallowed presence, and almost see his seraphic form close beside me. Oh! my dear Willie, re-union in Heaven is the charmed hope of my existence.

About a year after Willie Dawson's death, a stranger called on the widow, informing her that he was an attorney employed by the brothers of Mr. Dawson to settle up the affairs of the deceased.

"What affairs have you reference to?" inquired Lelia.

"The estate of your deceased husband, madam—this farm and appurtenances, madam," replied the lawyer.

"My husband was poor, sir. He had barely property sufficient to complete his education. This property, sir, was purchased with the estate left me by my parents."

"And was it secured to you in your own name?"

"No, sir. My husband, of course, had the management of the farm, and owned it while he lived, but always considered it as much mine as his, and never would have thought of giving it to any one else, I know."

"Then I am sorry to inform you, madam, that his relatives will hold the property in law, and one-third, or, rather the interest of one-third, is your right in the estate.

"Then let me die!" exclaimed the agitated woman. "If this be law, let me not live to experience more of law, nor behold more of pretended justice or humanity. And did my husband know we were governed by such laws? Did he know that, at his death, his wife would be turned out of doors a homeless beggar, and his brothers would revel in the luxuries obtained by the hard earnings of my parents? Tell me, is this true? If it is, O, then would that I never had a husband."

"Your husband, no doubt knew of the existence of this point of law—there are few men who do not; but, doubtless, he had no thought of leaving you in this unprovided condition.—Had he been taken off by sickness, without doubt he would have provided for your wants by will; but the law, madam, has no recognition of a will of supposition."

Lelia's face grew pale with effort at self-control—her limbs trembled with excitement, and her bright eye flashed with honest indignation as she rose to her feet and replied to the officer of the law that she was ready to leave

at any time; she awaited but the bidding of the owners of the property.

"Nor will I," said she, "accept the smallest pittance from them, in any event whatever, nor exact the interest of one-third of my own property. I will go into the wide world of desolation, and earn my bread with my own hand. I scorn the offer the law makes to provide for the will be a street scavenger, rather than quaff the cup of pious fraud!"

Another year, and the home of Lelia Dawson had passed into the hands of strangers, and she was performing the services of chamber-maid in one of our city hotels, and there for the present we will leave her.

CHAPTER III.

Wearily passed the months away, and each day and night was filled with gloom, and the heart of the once joyous and happy Lelia Dawson grew old with sorrow. The storm was too rough for so tender a flower, and her cheek blanched, and her eyes grew dim with tears too often shed.

One afternoon she seated herself by her chamber window, as was her wont, communing with past remembrances, unlocking the avenues of thoughts that were hidden deep in the mysterious chambers of her stricken heart—thoughts that kindled the eye and crimsoned the cheek, and thrilled every nerve with their intensity—thoughts that haunted her busy brain at midnight, and startled her from her restless slumbers at morning—thoughts that burnt on the altar of her overburdened heart, and nerved her wasting strength to even greater powers of endurance.

Rising from her seat, and planting her right foot firmly upon the floor, she exclaimed, vehemently—

"It is so. It is because I am a woman.—Yes I, who once sneered at Woman's Rights—who once derided its advocates—say this: It is because I am a woman that I am sent from a home of luxury, to toil for my bread! It is because I am a woman that the legacy bequeathed by my parents to their only daughter is given to strangers by the robbery of law. Had I died, instead of my husband, no brother of mine could have taken this home from him! It is because I am a woman. Away with the dependence so loved by those who know not its seducing wiles, and that oppression, tyranny, and heart-breakings lie beneath its gilded panoply—"

Softly the chamber door opened, and the mistress of the hotel entered, bearing in her hand a card, telling the gentleman whose name it bore was waiting her reply in one of the front parlors. She looked—"Charles Wright"—and the hot blood mounted her temples.

"Friend of my silly girlhood, the wealthy, how can I dare meet him now? He knew me in affluence, and now—now his generous heart prompts him to bestow alms on one he once loved. No, I cannot—'tis more than I can bear."

The lady remonstrated, and persuaded Lelia to see him at least.

Drying her eyes, she tremblingly descended to meet him. The face of Mr. Wright wore a fit of gloom as his eyes fell upon the pale and care-worn face of Lelia. Ah! Lelia Dawson, what a contrast with the once beautiful Lelia Watson, thought he:

"Years ago, Mrs. Dawson, I made a declaration of love to you and was rejected, not scornfully and proudly rejected, but politely and respectfully, because you loved another. I now come to make a second declaration of love, and to prove to you that with me love

is an undying principle of the soul. Will you hear me?"

"Proceed," said Lelia, burying her throbbing temples in her kerchief.

"I happen to be one of those misguided men who believe that all human beings are created equal in point of natural rights—that all have an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness—hence, it is not at all humiliating to me to acknowledge that five years ago I sought to make you my own—that ever since I have loved none other, and am now prepared to fulfil the covenant with my own heart, and place you in circumstances more befitting your condition. You married the man who made your heart a captive. He was a stranger to me, but with an eagerness I could not suppress, enough of his history became known to me to give the assurance that he was noble and good, and that you were happy. A home or residence in a Southern clime, far distant, has since been mine, and I returned two weeks ago to find your once dear home in the possession of strangers, and you in the position of what?—a servant. No. The mistress of the hotel is acquainted with your history. She does not regard you as a servant.

"I come, dear Lelia—to lay my heart, hand and fortune at your feet. I do not ask your love, for I know that it is buried, but give me a husband's right to protect you, and place you in a position in society you are wholly qualified to fill. Let me see the light of other years in those eyes, and let me but hear once again the glad tones of my own dear and much loved Lelia Weston."

"Ah, yes! become once more a happy wife, surrounded with luxury, and a husband's love, and to think myself secure, and if, perchance, the grim monster death should enter there, our peaceful home, and snatch away the treasures of my heart and leave me again desolate—so desolate. No—no—I'd rather be as I am, and know no other grief or joy."

"And think you there is no protection from such evils as you predict? There is a provision made by law for the protection of property, by those who see proper to avail themselves of it, but through and by man's will. Fear not, dear Lelia, but trust me, and suffer you shall not, by all the manhood I possess, I swear it."

"Enough. Will one so truly noble accept the remaining remnant of a crushed heart, and think this recompense enough for all his goodness? If so, 'tis thine."

Mr. Wright left the city on business, promising to return in a week, and make Lelia his bride. Before the expiration of that time he appeared, and brought with him the deeds, in Lelia's name, of her former home in the country, which he had purchased in his absence, designing to make it a bridal present.

After receiving a sum of money required by law to render the transaction valid, it was signed by Mr. Wright and the attending witnesses, and Lelia Dawson became again the proprietor of the beautiful estate where she had once lived so happily, and where circumstances had occurred that had developed the latent energy of her nature, and made of a thoughtless, loving girl, a noble woman.

Years rolled by, and the household of Lelia Wright numbered from two to four, and sunshine dwelt in the happy faces of all. And last winter the author of this eventful story had the pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. W., in Michigan, on their way to — City, to attend a Woman's Rights Convention. A desire to participate in that moral feast prompted me

to go with them; and as I listened to the thrilling tones of eloquence of Lelia, from the speaker's stand, methought 'tis well to suffer, if 'mid long suffering such strength is born.

Farewell, dear Lelia, and farewell thy noble husband. May God so speed the day when woman shall stand before her Maker in all the noble attributes of her nature untrameled, free.

"Asking but her brother's freedom,
To perfect Jehovah's plan,
And like him, without restriction,
Rightly to be all she can."

North Manchester.

About the Reformed Drunkards of our Town and Elsewhere.

The assertion is often made that the Temperance Reformation has done nothing for confirmed drunkards. It is said that their habits are as fixed and unchangeable as the spots of the leopard or the skin of the Ethiopian. That many drunkards apparently reformed have gone back to their old course, is true, lamentably true, but if the facts in "our town" are a just rule by which to judge, the less the enemies of Temperance say of these cases the more honorable will it be for them. Our liquor-sellers and liquor-drinkers have done to our reformed drunkards just what the slave-catchers do to escaped slaves: they seek to kidnap them and bind the chains on them again.—We had a case of this kind not long ago which was as exciting as could be selected from slave-catching annals. We had a young mechanic of such extraordinary skill in his business as to furnish him with a great run of customers, who knew that what he did was well and promptly done.—His work was widely noted in our region, but he had one infirmity, inherited from a drunken father and greatly aggravated by his own indulgence. He always averred that he was born with the appetite for strong drink, and his averment was a fact. In childhood his father had learned him to drink, and the rude circle in which he moved was a drinking-school. As an apprentice he was restrained but not reformed, and before he was 23 years old he was a confirmed drunkard. He became attached to a young woman of excellent character and industrious and economical habits, but his habits were an unsuperable objection in her eyes. He abandoned his cups for her sake, opened a shop, began a thriving business on his own account. In this he was honest, and as he put to interest \$100 after another of his earnings, he became more strongly resolved never to drink again. Meantime, his reformation seemed so thorough, that the young woman consented to be his wife.—All went on happily for some years; but during this time his old drinking companions were tempting him to join them, but he loved his family, and his business was prosperous, and he had so long resisted the temptation that he supposed himself safe. He was elected to an office of some importance, and this led him to the taverns. The destroyer was on his track, and suddenly it was rumored that A. B. was having his sprees again.—The red eyes and sorrowful looks of his wife showed that it was true. He had been tempted to take a little, and his old appetite revived with uncontrollable energy. The liquor-sellers and their pimps applauded their victim's emancipation from "petticoat government" and priestcraft. An influential friend induced him to abandon his cups once more, and everything again seemed right.—His customers returned, his wife smiled again, and he was happy. I seem even now to see his delighted face and to hear his manly voice, as he was listening to a lecture, on a certain occasion, from that admirable man, Dr. Jewett. And yet the very next day he was entrapped into a tavern and became drunk. He went down with fearful rapidity, but saved his property by deeding it to a friend in trust for his family. This done, he gave himself up with frantic and desperate eagerness. Everybody expected he would die; but by some means he has been led to abandon drink once more, and is again making money at his trade. But the soul-catchers hover about him, and it will be no surprising thing if he falls again.

What is true of him is in many respects true of scores of other reformed drunkards in our town

the last twenty-five years. They have been subjected to a running fire every time they ventured in the street, so that they had no chance to try whether or no they could master their diseased appetite for rum.

Occasionally we find a man of such iron resolution as to pass through the ordeal safely. And it is very interesting to look at these men and notice the effects of temperance on their circumstances. There is O. D., who was a desperate drunkard twenty years ago. He was an excellent workman, and when sober a good, provident head of his family; but the greater part of the time he was drunk. He had the delirium tremens several times. Once the poor fellow came to the Doctor, distracted with hideous sensations, scared by phantoms, and yet with enough of reason left to know what would allay his miseries. It was in the middle of the night, and he begged for opium.—As for property he had none, and his family was in a very wretched state. At last he signed the pledge, and no temptation as yet has shaken his resolution. He looks even now like a drunkard, so infaceable are the traces of his former habit twenty years ago. Since he signed the pledge he has purchased a farm, is out of debt, and has money at interest. His family—an interesting one—has enjoyed a good common-school education, belongs to a religious society, and are greatly respected.

There is E. F. also, who, a few years ago, was abandoned as hopeless, but a noble Temperance man got hold of his feelings and kindled his hopes. He signed the pledge, and has never broken it, so much as to drink even cider. A new animation now possessed him, and he became a head workman in a large manufactory, in the business of which he had been thoroughly trained, and now he lives in his own house, and has considerable property besides.

G. H. is a reformed drunkard, and although once a desperate case, holds to the integrity of his pledge with a death grip. Fifteen years have sufficed to put him in possession of a good farm, which he has paid for by his own labor.

I. K. is a very interesting case. His father was a Revolutionary officer, and commanded a troop of light-horse, which had a great local notoriety in its day on occasions of its inefficiency. For some months Washington was this man's guest. He was honored after the war with some honorable civil appointments, and was considered one of the higher classes. His son I. K. was the most jovial fellow alive, full of anecdote, quick at repartee, could sing a song and loved "good cider." He was the favorite in every dashing spree among the blades of town, whose exploits were known for a long way in every direction. He lived in the days when pure apple-jack could be had, and all sorts of pure liquor, and though a drunkard at twenty-one, he was a brilliant, vivacious companion at forty. His stories were irresistible as he told them, and his laugh was so hearty that it was fun to hear it. He married a young lady every way his superior except in social position, and his family withdrew from him. He went West and soon gathered a knot of jolly fellows about him there. He was "poor as a church mouse," obtained a very scanty livelihood for his family during his sober intervals. At last his conscience was awakened, the realities of religion possessed him, and he abandoned his cups. A sincerer man I never knew. His uninterrupted industry soon procured him a small farm, and yet should one meet him he would say that this man was a drunkard. There was the rolling, unsteady gait, acquired when drunk and retained when he was sober, the same motions of the head and winking of the eyes, which he had learned to make when "half seas over," and a complexion and redness of eyes the result of hard drinking but which years of temperance had not yet corrected. To the end of life he was a wag, but after his reform no one doubted that he was a good man. And yet on a visit to a neighboring town one day he was asked to take a glass of cider, which the pledge did not then forbid, and he seemed to become reckless on the instant. Cider was not strong enough, and he became dead drunk. It was only a temperate fall, but he had another some eight or ten years after by drink-

ing what he supposed to be pure water, but in which some villain had mixed some colorless liquor. This was the last; but up to the time of his death he was obliged to watch his appetite with the utmost jealousy, lest the taste should be revived by some indiscretion. He died not long since in possession of a competence and universally respected.

In these cases certainly temperance did a noble work, in the face of all the legal temptations as well as illegal of the traffic, and these cases have their counterparts in every town and community where the temperance reformation has taken hold.

In demanding the prohibition of the liquor traffic, many do not sufficiently estimate this fact, that the appetite for rum has become a disease of the physical system, to overcome the force of which the victim needs help as much as a crazy man needs the asylum. In fact, they will drink if liquor can be obtained. We have in our eye at this moment two gentlemen in high social position, on whom this appetite comes periodically, and they both declare that they cannot resist indulgence if the means are at hand. To let temptation loose on such is to insure their ruin.

A very striking case of this sort of temperance was related to us by a gentleman acquainted with the facts. A wealthy, intelligent man, who did not drink in society, nor habitually at home, had a room in his mansion in which, as often as three or four times a year, he would gorge himself with liquor. When he found his cravings for rum coming on, he would lock himself up in that room until "the scale" was finished. The appearance of this room at the close of one of these sprees was disgustingly filthy. A friend who knew his habits remonstrated with him, but was told that reform was impossible, so irresistible was his cravings for rum at certain times. His friend begged him to try. His two sons, fifteen and seventeen years of age, earnestly pressed the appeal. At last the men consented to try, and drawing from his pocket a key, said to his older son: "Here is the key to the closet; will you take it and promise me on no condition, and for no violence with which I may threaten you, to give it up when I demand it?" The boy, knowing how furious his father was on these occasions, declined the trust. The father then asked the younger son, a boy of uncommon nerve, the same question, and he promptly replied "I will." For a few weeks things went on smoothly, but one day the father came home at an unusual hour. His manner betokened that his appetite was knowing and craving. He called his younger son and demanded the key to the liquor closet, but was refused firmly. The refusal maddened him, and seizing some weapon, he sprang to his son. For a moment he stood over him with glaring eyes, and insane with rage, but the young hero never quailed. Fixing his firm but tearful eyes on his father, he said: "Father, I promised you that I would not give you that key, no matter what violence you might threaten, and now you may kill me, but I will never give you that key!" Instantly the weapon dropped from the man's hand, and as he himself expressed it, "the appetite for liquor seemed to abandon me before the noble firmness of my son." He was reclaimed and never fell. His cure was radical and thorough. And there is many a man with as strong an appetite for rum as this man, but who is not so fortunate as to have the Maine Law so summarily and firmly administered at the right time. Could this outside help only have been at hand, many thousand drunkards, once apparently reformed, would not be filling dishonored graves.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

From the Ladies' Department of the Indiana Farmer.

Neatness and Order.

Neatness and order go hand in hand, like twin sisters. You seldom see one without the other. In all the departments and avocations of life, these virtues are necessary to ensure any degree of success or proficiency, and where there is a lack of these although every necessary or every luxury may be furnished in the house, yet where disorder and confusion reigns, there is little comfort, little happiness, little real enjoyment to be found.

The spirit of beauty dwells not there—it is not amid scenes of discord and confusion that the love links of families are strongly united by the exercise of goodness, purity and true love, joined with moral and intellectual endurance. But their tendency is downward. A familiarity with filth and dirt is degrading, debasing to the mind, and if by long use persons become accustomed to it, it is conclusive evidence that they have been dragged down to the level of their daily surroundings. Neatness and good order have a strong practical bearing upon the welfare and happiness of families. A place for every thing, and every thing in its place, is a rule that ought to be observed and enforced in every household, for where disorder and slovenliness prevail, discontent is sure to follow. But neatness is sometimes carried to such extremes by housekeepers, that the peace, harmony and social enjoyment of the family circle is almost entirely destroyed. Scrubbing and scouring is the order of the day from Monday morning till Saturday night, and indeed in some cases the stillness of the sacred Sabbath is broken by the renovating and polishing that is continually kept up. Every thing in the house is too nice to be used—the doors and windows are kept carefully closed, and darkness reigns supreme in hall and parlor, lest some fugitive spider or fly should find their way in, and soil the polished furniture, or dim the shining glass; therefore, every member of the family, young and old, must walk round to the back door of the cook shed to enter the house, lest they should soil the snowy whiteness of the sills.

We candidly believe children are often driven to seek society and pleasure at the tavern or country ale house, because they can have no freedom at home. Now there certainly is no use in having a house, if you can't use it, and men who toil and labor for the comforts and conveniences of life, ought to enjoy the pleasures to be derived therefrom. Give the husbandman a resting place in that cool, cosy room, instead of confining him to the kitchen's din and cook stove odors. Throw open the window, and let the balmy breezes, laden with the fragrance of sweet flowers fan his brow while he sleeps. Make home attractive by its outward surroundings and inward beauty—train the woodbine, sweet briar, honey-suckle, and other graceful sweet-scented clambering vines over the windows and around the portico; plant modest wild-wood flowers along the walks—their very perfume will give your home an air of beauty and refinement. Let the family often be brought together in the neat but cheerful room with useful and entertaining books and papers to read and discuss, the different members of the family will learn to love and appreciate home, and goodness, purity and piety will dwell within its sacred walls.

What magic dwells in the sacred word home. How the heart thrills with emotion at the very sound which brings to the mind the loved ones the heart holds dear; all the holy and generous affections cling around and centre in that hallowed spot. It is there that the weary heart turns for rest and happiness when it has felt, in its contact with the world, its hollowness, its treachery, its deceit and falseness. How sweet and within the precincts of home the sympathy of loving hearts and kindred ties. How beautiful the family relation of husband, wife, father, mother, sister and brother.

The home influence is an endearing one,

and all powerful for joy or sorrow, happiness and misery. There should be great care taken that no undue restraints be laid on the loving hearts that cluster around the hearthstone.

We do not wish to be understood as making any compromise with dirt—no, indeed; we abhor it, detest a dirty kitchen or slovenly housewife, and we think that man an object of commiseration who has the misfortune to get an untidy wife; and vice versa; but let neatness and good order prevail in-doors and out. In the meantime, we should not let domestic cares fill the mind so entirely.—Dispense with so much extra scrubbing and cleaning; do less cooking and baking of pies and cakes; make less sweet meats—families will be healthier, children will be more robust and rugged. Then, and not till then, will wives and mothers have time to fit and qualify themselves for the higher duties of life.—Every woman ought to spend some time in the cultivation of her mind, and thus lay up stores of knowledge that will be a mine of wealth, which cannot be wrested from her.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The Cincinnati Slave Case.

TRIAL OF THE SLAVE-MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

The Court met for the trial on Saturday, the 9th of February. Margaret Garner, the mother, offered her deposition, stating that when a girl she had been brought by her master into Ohio, and that her children had been born since she was thus brought into a Free State. Evidence for the claimant was then commenced. Dr. Clarkson and a Major Murphy testified to the identity and ownership of the slaves.

On Monday, the 11th, several persons were examined for the claimant, who then rested his case, and testimony for the slaves was taken. Margaret Garner was allowed to take the stand as a witness on behalf of her 3 children. Her testimony was the same in effect as was contained in her deposition mentioned above. The testimony for both parties concluded here; and on the 12th Mr. S. J. Wall commenced the argument on the part of the claimant. His speech was merely a eulogy on the beauties of Slavery and the necessary benefits accruing to the enthralled negroes. Mr. Wall was followed by Mr. S. S. Fisher in behalf of the defense. His argument displayed considerable research and much thought, and at times he was really eloquent. Mr. Fisher was followed by Mr. Getchell, and then by Mr. Jolliffe.

On the fourth day Col. Chambers delivered the concluding argument. He alluded several times to Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, who had been present the previous day, and mentioned some remarks which had been attributed to her.

The court then adjourned to Wednesday, the 12th of March, and the fugitives were taken in custody of a Special Marshal.

A SPEECH BY MRS. LUCY (STONE) BLACKWELL.

After adjournment the Court resolved itself into a meeting, with Mr. B. Pallen as Chairman, when Mrs. Blackwell took the Judge's desk. She was dressed in a black silk gown, had a brown merino mantle over her shoulders, a bonnet of the same material on her head, and a green veil. She spoke in an easy, assured manner, without excitement or violence, never so much as raising her voice beyond the low, penetrating tones peculiar to her. She said:

"I have been informed that Mr. Chambers has spoken this morning of my having offered to the poor woman now under examination, a knife. I wish to explain in the right place where the matter has been spoken of, what I said. I did not ask of Deputy Marshal Brown the privilege of giving a knife. If Mr. Brown was here he would acknowledge as much. I have been out of town ever since the commencement of this examination, until yesterday, or I should have been here every day, doing what I could to show my sympathy with my afflicted sister. As I spoke to her of liberty, her eye beamed with the dull light of des-

pair; the tear of anguish trickled down her cheek, her lip quivered in silent agony as I took her hand and expressed my sympathy. I thought as I looked upon her unexpressed grief, that if ever there was a time when it was a good deed to give a weapon to those who fought the battle of liberty on Bunker Hill—if those patriots had the right to use the arms supplied to them—she had who had said: "Let us go to God rather than go back to Slavery," had the same right. Impelled by my feelings, I turned to Mr. Brown and expressed my wish that she could have a knife to deliver herself, dreading as she did, Slavery to such an extent that she had taken the life of her dear child rather than return to it. Who that knows the depths of a mother's love, does not estimate the sacrifice she had made? If she had a right to deliver her child, she had a right to deliver herself. So help me Heaven! I would tear open my veins, and let the earth drink my blood, rather than wear the chains of Slavery. How then could I blame her for wishing her child to find Freedom with God and the angels, where there are no chains. I asked no privilege of the Marshal—I beg my rights of none. I had a right to put a dagger in the woman's hand,—the same right that those who had seized their weapons to fight about a paltry tax on tea! I hoped to see her liberty rendered her—I hope it still. I do not know the Commissioner of this court, but I doubt not he is accessible to the cry of the oppressed.—He should act true to his conscience, true to right, true to Heaven, and deliver this victim from the hands of oppression. I know not whether he has little children, else I would appeal to him to know how he would like to have them torn from him; but I feel that he will not disregard the Book which says, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best." I make no apology to this court, or to any one, for wishing to give this woman a dagger. I apologize to nobody; I exercised the same right as those who distributed weapons to the combatants on Bunker's Hill. God gave this woman a love of liberty, and she has a soul worthy of the gift; if she prefers liberty with God to oppression with man; if she desires for her children the guardianship of angels rather than the scorn and lash of Slavery, let her have them, and find in immortality a refuge from wrong and insult. I told him who claims her—I do not say her owner, for God has made no man the owner of another—I told him that this was a historic period; that the deeds now doing would employ the pen of genius, and be handed down to future generations; that his name would be connected with the events now occurring; with execration, if he continued to enslave one capable of such deeds as this woman, but with honor if he gave her the freedom that was her right. As I looked into his kindly face, his mildly beaming eye, I thought he had a generous heart, and so it proved. He kindly said when he had her back in Kentucky under his own care he would render her liberty. I hope he will fulfill his promise. I give all notice here, and say it in the hearing of my sisters who are present that whenever and wherever I have an opportunity of offering opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, thwarting its operation, whatever may be the consequence, I will do it!"

Mr. Chambers desired to say, on behalf of Mr. Gaines, that he had made no such promise as has been spoken of; that he had agreed to consider what the lady said, when he returned to Kentucky.

Mrs. Blackwell said: "He promised me he would make her free."

Mr. Chambers—I do not care how it is; I speak to a point of law to prevent a claim.

As the lady concluded her address, which was listened to in uninterupted silence, there was considerable applause mingled with hisses; the applause predominating.

Those who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.